52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

4th July 39

I think it likely that I owe you a letter. But you see why I didn't write — as soon as we came back, my poor old mother-in-law, with whom we'd had tea the day before, fell & broke 2 ribs. When she was taken to a nursing home. — There I expect Jim will tell you — was buried yesterday. All sorts of family Conclave were held here. Now it's over, —

Meanwhile, we're taken 37 Marsh Lane: & at the moment I'm measuring the book cases

work a visit to the moor, in August.

Are you in Ireland? You
said something about it, in the
letter I got a year ago — oh such years
ago — in a sunny market place in
France.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

Well then is only the map
of a finger tip in your direction,
which is uncertain.

Harold. Vhear. Nap there to the
war on July 12th; which
adds to the general mess.

So no more

V.

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

Aug 20 1939

Yes I know. Though you have been forbearance itself that I have been the very opposite Two days ago, perched in the ruins of Lewes Castle, I took up the pen: then the man came about the Geyser... So to 37 Mecklenburgh Sq: do here: do back again for the last worst fight & then ah au revoir. Then we shall be installed at the top, only at present they beckon like the fields of Paradise. across the water of Time – oh & my pen has a hair, so I can't finish the phrase.

In the interval, we're down here, Grilling in the garden – a forest of Dahlias & Zinnias; & of a morning I struggle to finish Roger – how to deal with love affairs – that the particular problem now – then books,

Leonard beats me: then reading — what? Oh Pascal now. & so to reflections upon theology. Mrs Robins came over, remember you & Hilda there: is writing her memoirs at a scale of one year to 500 pages. It's like following an insect across an ordnance map. but very fascinating. what about yours?

Then there's the war — black outs: a man shot in the river where I walk; & the Labour party meeting here. I can't make a song of this, not a consolatory phrase, for I'm too hot. It's only to show you I've a loving heart. But that you never doubt. I was amused to hear of Wrexhame & the dilapidated Edith. No, I never read their books. one of my vacancies, of which I've many, as you know. Did the visit end on a note of harmony? Yes, I think Londsdale a great support. Who prop us these dull days my mind? well the clowns & the rever Owen, in spite of the man who shot himself & the sheep I loved on its back. Can nature be called beneficent? I doubt it.

So back to Pascal, & in hopes of your memoirs — V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

29th Aug: 1939

Just listened in to the Prime Minister, from which it seems that there's another Day of peace anyhow.

Oh what a mad Virginia psychologist you are! I leave this hanging in a vacuum, because though it arose from reading your last letter, the connections are broken.

In fact that's the sum of the situation — here we are on a small sunny island — outside wastes of gloom & dark. I peg away at Roger Fry: I. always the now complete muddle of a Rev, where no one will call to fetch books — all vans commandeered: a flat is entirely blocked with unpacked furniture — again, no vans to send unpackers. So there's

Enough. Let alone transporting clerks here of war comes
to engage all his magnificent powers.

And in between times I read — what?
a mixture of Gide, Pascal & the latest
biography.

NYPL

Thoughts of Ethel Curl, like flames
from an immovable fire, wound
corners. And now & then I
walk off, miles away, into the
Devon. find a deserted farm track,
& lie among the thistles & the
straw.

What about tea I can't together &
our chat. Should you ever connect
pen & paper, well you might
remember me. But all is so
dislocated, I can't bear it —
nobody answers letters — Everything
hangs fire.

V

Rota 2.4.63

We go up to tackle the Stat problem on Thursday.

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

12th or 13th Sep
1939

dearest Ethel. I know it's quite impossible
to write. At the same time I have a
great wish to be written to. And
I'm not going to tell you all the
reasons & bothers: the expectant mothers,
Cantata making, entertaining refugees -
for the less we talk of these things -
the more we talk of Plato -
Shakespeare the better.

But can you read? Isn't it
like being knocked on the head?
I struggle out to my room, a Cant
believe I was ever writing a
life of Roger Fry, & shall ever
finish it. Then I try a story — no
go - do to read Greek with a crib.
Happily, we have to arrange our
horrid London muddle — electricians
& movers & clerks: & shall we & shant we

try to bring out our books? It really a
mercy to have a bone to gnaw.
I didn't much like London though I admit.
so silent, so hot, so brooding. And
to think we've taken a 10 years lease what
mansion!

NYPL

I rather forbear you have a
method of your own for living out this
kind of horror. My only relief is that
Quentin is employed lately Driving a
tractor - rejected by the army.
It's hard work talking to clerks. That's been
the only work I've done since last week.
But you see my letter tap already
dries up.
I suppose Lucien is off. We stay here
till October anyhow: then I suppose London.
Next letter I shall write about Plato -
Shakespeare. So if you can more a few,
do try - I don't mean to write about Racine or
Montaigne - but about anything.

Yours Julian -

V.

Rota 2.4.63

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

Tuesday 26th Sep / 39

Yes it was angelic of you to write. And I would have answered — but since Sept 1st this house has been a refugee haunt — always a clerk from the Rev. a some fugitive. & God knows, though I've no cause to complain, since we escaped 3 Eastend children, visitors pretty nearly every day to meals. The last went this morning: so until raids begin we shall be alone — save for raids from neighbours. We're explored to neighbours. Thank God though it's made my head work in the morning: & so am more or less calm. But no reading. All talk. Some of the clerks turned out magnificent. One a publican daughter, another a greengrocer, a third a photographer, a fourth

a sheer adventurer, with a fatherless, I mean
Bastard child, for whom all her concern was.
Then we dashed to London, dreaded to go to
publishers, brought out all our books
yesterday — L's 2nd volume: a
masterly work. Ray Strachey came and left
Virg at. But the confusion in the trade is
confounded — no one buys in shops. no
wagmen. And so ruin stares us in the
face: I begin to be stingy. NYPL I'm seeing
Vita tomorrow. Both the boys are in the
Army. Harold in London. I'm
sorry — oh dear how sorry, for I know
what waiting about means. The
Garden is (now — 6 o'clock) No ravishing I can't
keep eye to paper. A great ash tree fell
on a dawny evening. L is now hatching
it into fire wood. For our dreadful evening.
Flaws are unstable. How till the
15th anyhow; & dashes up, to see if 37
can be made habitable.

Why you old wretch — how I laughed at
the love over the garden wall. I set was
dearborn. Do you see Shorey Green fire in
me of not red. And I've taken to
article writing too; & would like to see
yours. Now I must see my first free
evening to do Fly Papers. V.

Rota 2.4.43

Monday, 9th Oct 39

Monk Moore
Rodmell.

Ahhah! This has never happened before—
that I can truthfully say, I am
waiting out on the fourdres of my heart,
without being unable to get do it.
Cursed Inspiron has shot his dust over
the garden wall & transfixed your
pen. I am jealous, furiously:
And have nothing to lure you
back with. Am damp & dull.
Am working like a nigger
shall be in London but want to see you.
(I & leave out the "I's" in
order to impress you with
Lane of my importance)

Monday, 9th Oct 39

Monk Moore
Rodmell.

Ahhah! This has never happened before —
that I can truthfully say, I am
working out of the goodness of my heart,
without being unable to- yet do it.
Could I suppose that his dust over
the garden would a transfixed your
pen. I am jealous, furiously:
And have nothing to lure you
back with. Am damp — dull.
Am working like a nigger
Shall be in London but want to see you.
(I'll leave out the "I's" in
order to impress you with a
sense of my importance)

There's a peace in the country which surrounds me as a mouse is surrounded with cheese. Nothing but the sound of my nibbling is to be heard- Reading writing I'm always at it. As for Ethel Smyth, she's languishing with violets & lavender at last: I rather; gratifying the flesh. NYPL I may have gone too far- If so, I withdraw. Are you, then, more chastely. finishing your book? And when shall I read it? I daresay we both think the same about politics. I am reading Erasmus. I am reading Lewis Carroll. Oh & I saw Kha- never has a moment to oneself in the Country- Yet the country is a vast Cheddar cheese. Oh how it rains & rains! Leonard is storing apples. No, we can't play bowls. And I have to cook a rice dish mixed with herbs for dinner.

Rodmell V. 43